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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6R

'THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" - PART ONE - 'THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
PERI
GENERAL CHELLAK
SALATEEN
MORGUS
TIMMIN
PRESIDENT
SHARAZ JEK
STOTZ
KRELPER

NON-SPEAKING:

UNSEEN MONSTER
BOZE
ANDROIDS
SOLDIERS

******

SETS:

Cave 1
Cave 2 (redressed)
Gallery
Narrows
General's Office
Conglomerate HQ
Workshop
Dentention Cell

******

TELECINE:

Sand dunes

"DOCTOR WHO"

'THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI'

PART ONE

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SUPOSE CAM: Opening Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Sand Dunes. Day.

Bleak, grey, desolate. ESTABLISH the arid emptiness and then, in the middle distance, the Tardis moans and shimmeringly appears.

CLOSE ON THE CRAFT as, after a moment, its door opens and THE DOCTOR steps out and is followed by PERI. She looks around glumly.

PERI: The tide's out.

THE DOCTOR: Mm?

PERI: When you said sand I thought maybe I could take a dip.

THE DOCTOR: You're a little late, Peri. About a billion years since there was any sea on Androzani Minor.

He moves off, studying the ground.

PERI: Where are you going?

THE DOCTOR: I told you. To find some sand.

PERI: Doctor, it's everywhere!

THE DOCTOR: Not the kind I need. In the Thuringian Monastery where I learned the craft of glass-blowing they were very particular about the type of sand we used. Sand, soda ash and a spot of limestone was the formula.

PERI: What were you doing in a Thuringian Monastery?

THE DOCTOR: (EXCITEDLY) Well, it's a fascinating story ...

Suddenly stops.

PERI: Go on.

THE DOCTOR: (SUDDENLY VERY SECRATIVE) I'm not sure I know you well enough yet.

PERI: Thanks a lot.

THE DOCTOR: I mean, some pretty strange things went on in that monastery ... (cont...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Someone of your tender years might misconstrue the sublties of the events.

PERI: You sound like my step-father, Howard ... He was a pain, too.

He strides on. She skips after him, intrigued. It is THE DOCTORS turn to sulk.

PERI: Doctor, look!

THE DOCTOR: What?

PERI: Glass.

THE DOCTOR stoops to inspect the greenish globules she has found.

THE DOCTOR: Almost, anyway. It's fused silica ... And I'm not a pain ...

He begins quartering the area.

THE DOCTOR: Here's some more ... Now why would anyone come here?

PERI: Who said they have?

THE DOCTOR: Those patches of sand were fused by the rocket-pods of a small spacecraft - too small for inter-stellar travel so it obviously came from the twin planet of Androzani Major. The interesting question is why?

PERI: Maybe someone wanted some sand to make some glass so they could blow a new vacuum tube for their reticular vector gauge.

THE DOCTOR: Sarcasm is not your strong point, Peri. Stick to - Aha! Look at this.

He points to some grooved tracks in the sand.

PERI: Aha! I'm looking. Why am I looking?

THE DOCTOR: A monoskid. Here's the deep furrow where it left the ship and a shallower one when it returned.

PERI: Or vice versa.

THE DOCTOR: No, you can see where the light track sometimes crosses the deeper one. So somebody came here with a heavily laden monoskid, unloaded it somewhere and then returned to the ship.

PERI: So you got a distinction in tracking when you were a cub-scout. I'm suitably impressed. Can we go now?

THE DOCTOR: In a moment ... And who's being the pain now? ... It looks as though the tracks run into those caves over there.

He sets off. PERI gives a resigned shrug.

PERI: Is this wise, I ask myself.

She follows THE DOCTORS rapidly striding figure.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

THE DOCTOR and PERI approaching the caves.

THE DOCTOR: Blow-holes.

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: Now we're nearer you can see they're not caves, they're blow-holes.

PERI: Same difference.

THE DOCTOR: Not to a speleologist. Nor to you if you happened to be in one of those at high tide.

PERI: High tide? I thought you said -

THE DOCTOR: A figure of speech.

He stops to explain.

THE DOCTOR: The core of this planet is superheated primeval mud. When its orbit takes it close to Androzani Major the gravitational effect -

PERI: I get the picture. Mud baths for everyone. Makes a change from lava.

THE DOCTOR: (SCOWLS AT PERI) Presumably why it's never been colonised. Androzani Major was becoming quite developed the last time I passed this way.

PERI: When was that?

THE DOCTOR: I can't remember. But I'm pretty sure it wasn't in the future.

PERI: You're a very confusing person to be with, Doctor. You know that.

THE DOCTOR: I started a diary once - not chronological, of course. But the trouble with time travel is that one never gets the time for these things.

They enter the cave mouth.

1. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(GLOOMY BUT
NOT DARK.

THE DOCTOR
AND PERI PICK
THEIR WAY FORWARD)

PERI: Where's the light coming from?

THE DOCTOR: Natural phosphorescence. There's some crystalline material in these walls ... (TOUCHING) They're polished as smooth as glass.

PERI: Which reminds me why we came here. And it wasn't to go miles -

(SHE SHRIEKS AS
SHE SLIPS AND THEN
PLUMMETS SIDEWAYS
INTO THE DARKNESS)

THE DOCTOR: So you have to be careful not to slip.

(GINGER-FOOTEDLY
HE MOVES DOWN
THE SLOPE.

PERI IS LYING IN
A PUFFBALL OF
WHITE FILAMENTS,
THRESHING TO
FREE HERSELF BUT ONLY
GETTING MORE
ENTANGLED)

Keep still. Give me your hand.

(THE DOCTOR
HEAVES AND DRAGS
PERI PARTLY CLEAR,
THEN PULLS SOME
OF THE TENDRILS
FREE FROM HER HEAD
AND SHOULDERS)

PERI: Ugh, horrid! What is it?

THE DOCTOR: Some kind of fungus, I think. Not edible by the smell of it.

(HE PULLS HER OUT
BODILY AND CLEANS
THE STICKY
FILAMENTS FROM
HER LEGS. HE
WIPES HIS HANDS ON
HIS COAT,
STUDYING THE PUFFBALL)

Probably quite harmless.

PERI: It's stinging.

THE DOCTOR: Well, don't fall into any more. Come on.

(PERI PULLS
A FACE AND
FOLLOWS HIM)

2. INT. GALLERY. DAY.

(STOTZ, KRELPER AND THREE OTHER TOUGH-LOOKING GUN-RUNNERS ARE LOUNGING BESIDE A STACK OF METAL CRATES. ONE IS ASLEEP, TWO ARE PLAYING DICE.

STOTZ AND KRELPER ARE ARGUING LETHARGICALLY, WITHOUT RANCOUR)

KRELPER: The dummies should've been here yesterday.

STOTZ: Our last drop we waited three days. So what? It beats picking chacaws.

(HE DRINKS FROM A BOTTLE, PASSES IT TO KRELPER)

KRELPER: I've never picked chacaws, Stotz. I've never been confined. Know why? I'm too smart.

(STOTZ SNORTS A LAUGH)

STOTZ: You, smart? Krelper, the wind whistles through your ears.

KRELPER: Yeah? Listen - (cont...)

(AND STOTZ AND KRELPERS AUTOGUARD GLOWS. IT IS A SMALL GLOBE, REVOLVING LIKE A RADAR DISH, MOUNTED ON A TELESCOPIC ROD WITH A SMALL BASE FOR STABILITY.

AT ONCE THEY JUMP INTO ACTION, SOMEONE KICKING THE SLEEPER AWAKE. THEY CLAP SMALL MAGNETIC PLATES TO THEIR AMMO HARNESSES AND GRAB BULBOUS GAS CARBINES)

KRELPER: (cont) Should be the 'droids.

(STOTZ COLLAPSES THE AUTOGUARD)

STOTZ: And it could just be the army. Let's move!

(THE PLACE IS WELL-CHOSEN. THEY MELT AWAY BEHIND A BANK OF SMOOTH BOULDERS.

AFTER A MOMENT OR TWO THE DOCTOR AND PERI ENTER THE GALLERY. THEY SEE THE STACK OF CRATES)

PERI: End of trail.

(THE DOCTOR UNCLIPS
THE FASTENERS
ON ONE OF THE
CRATES AND
LIFTS ITS LID)

THE DOCTOR: Gas carbines.

(THE WEAPONS LIE NEATLY
PACKED IN OILED
PAPER.

PERI OPENS A
SMALLER BOX. IT IS
FILLED WITH RED PLASTIC
GRENADES)

PERI: Bombs.

THE DOCTOR: Poison volatizers.

(TAKES ONE OUT)

Nasty little objects, aren't
they? There are enough hand
weapons here to equip a small army.

(HE SEES ONE OF
THE DICE ON THE GROUND
AND PICKS IT UP)

PERI: What d'you make of it?
You said nobody lives here.

THE DOCTOR: I was wrong, Peri.
This dice is still warm.

(HE LETS THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT
SINK IN AND TURNS
SLOWLY, CASUALLY,
TO APPRAISE THEIR
SURROUNDINGS)

PERI: What do we do?

THE DOCTOR: Try to look friendly and inoffensive. Probably half a dozen guns trained on us right now. They're behind those rocks, I should imagine.

PERI: Suppose I give a big smile and do a tap routine - would that seem friendly?

THE DOCTOR: From what I've seen of your dancing that'd certainly get us shot.

(FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS, STOTZ AND HIS GUN-RUNNERS LIE WATCHING, CARBINES AT THEIR SHOULDERS)

KRELPER: What d'you make of 'em?

STOTZ: They're not dummies and they're not army.

KRELPER: Government peepers?

STOTZ: Could be.

KRELPER: Do we terminate them?

STOTZ: (NODS) That's for sure.

(THEY TAKE AIM. AND AGAIN THE AUTOGUARD SET UP BEHIND THE ROCKS, GLOWS ITS WARNING)

KRELPER: Hold it.

(DOWN BY THE CRATES)

THE DOCTOR: This has gone on long enough. (CALLS) Hello! Is anyone there?

PERI: Listen!

THE DOCTOR: Boots coming this way. Boots are usually attached to soldiers. I suppose this arms cache is theirs.

PERI: What do we do?

THE DOCTOR: Surrender.

(SHADOWY FIGURES, GUNS POINTING, ARE APPEARING OUT OF THE DARKNESS AT THE END OF THE GALLERY.

THE DOCTOR SIGHS AND RAISES HIS ARMS)

3. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(BOZE, A SOLDIER, SETS UP THE TRIPOD OF HIS ELECTRONIC THEODOLITE.

HE PEERS THROUGH IT TO WHERE TWO OTHER SOLDIERS ARE MEASURING THE DEPTH OF THE CAVE WITH A PEDOMETER-TYPE DEVICE.

BOZE ENTERS A FEW CALCULATIONS INTO THE THEODOLITE AND TAKES MORE READINGS.

THE SOLDIERS DISAPPEAR ROUND THE ROCKS.

THIS WE SEE FROM THE P.O.V. OF A LURKING FIGURE.

BOZE THINKS HE HEARS SOMETHING AND LOOKS BEHIND HIM.

NOTHING.

HE BENDS AGAIN TO THE THEODOLITE BUT A SHADE NERVOUSLY.

A HARD GRATING NOISE.

DISTINCT THIS TIME.

BOZE WHIRLS ABOUT.

TERROR MASKS HIS FACE.

FROM HIS EYELINE,
WHATEVER IS CRUNCHING
OVER THE ROCKS
TOWARDS HIM, IS
ABOUT EIGHT FEET
HIGH.

WE GLIMPSE MASSIVE
LAW-LIKE HANDS
AS WHATEVER DECENDS
ON HIM.

BOZE SCREAMS.

THE SOLDIERS WITH
THE PEDOMETER HEAR
THE CRY.

HEAR IT CHOKE OFF.

THEY DROP THE
PEDOMETER AND,
DRAWING THEIR GUNS,
RUN BACK DOWN THE
CAVE.

THE THEODOLITE LAYS
ON THE GROUND,
BROKEN.

BOZE HAS GONE.

OR MOST OF HIM.

ONLY HIS LEGS,
CHOPPED OFF JUST
ABOVE THE KNEES,
REMAIN OOZING
BLOOD ACROSS THE
CAVERN FLOOR)

4. INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

(GENERAL CHELLAK, A BURLY, GREY-HAIRED MAN, IS MOVING COLOURED TABS ON A MAGNETIC MAP OF THE CAVE SYSTEM, WORKING FROM NOTES ON HIS TROOP DIS-POSITIONS.

THERE IS A KNOCK)

CHELLAK: Yes?

(SALATEEN COMES IN AND SALUTES BUT NOT WITH PARADE- GROUND CEREMONY.

ALL THE TROOPS WE SEE, INCLUDING THE GENERAL, ARE DRESSED IN WORK-ADAY COMBAT GEAR)

SALATEEN: Report from Captain Rones, sir. His men have just taken two gun-runners.

CHELLAK: Good! Good. That's excellent. Well done, Rones - he's B Group, I think?

(HE TAPS ONE OF HIS COLOURED PINS)

SALATEEN: Yes, sir.

CHELLAK: It's high time we had some success, eh? Did they resist?

SALATEEN: Apparently not, sir. The patrol also captured a dump of gas weapons.

CHELLAK: Gas?

SALATEEN: (NODS) Rones suspects there are other runners in the area. He wants to know if he should set up an ambush.

CHELLAK: (PAUSE) I think it's more important we should see these weapons, Major Salateen.

SALATEEN: Very good, sir.

CHELLAK: If Sharaz Jek gets his hands on gas weapons we'll be in a devil of a stew here. No wind to disperse the stuff and it won't affect his androids, of course ... It could pin our fellows down for weeks.

SALATEEN: We have gas suits in the stores, General.

CHELLAK: Bad design. I've always said so. A few hours in one of those things and you start to cook ... Still. Better have 'em checked, ready for issue.

SALATEEN: It's being done, sir.

(CHELLAK SMILES,
BUT NOT AS
PLEASANTLY AS
IT SHOULD BE)

CHELLAK: Ahead of me as usual, eh, Salateen? Now what about these prisoners?

SALATEEN: They're being brought in now.

CHELLAK: I shall want to question them immediately they arrive.

SALATEEN: Of course, General.

CHELLAK: And let that little man with the big desk know we've caught some runners. He's constantly complaining about our lack of results.

SALATEEN: It'll be a pleasure, sir.

(HE SALUTES AND GOES)

5. INT. CONGLOMERATE HQ. DAY.

(MORGUS IS
READING FIGURES
FROM A MACHINE.
HIS LIPS TIGHTEN.
HE PRESSES HIS
PAGER.

AFTER A MOMENT
HIS STATUESQUE
SECRETARY, TIMMIN,
ENTERS)

TIMMIN: Sir?

MORGUS: Krau Timmin, copper output has risen thirteen per cent. That should not have occurred.

(EVEN WHEN ANGRY
HIS SLOW DELIVERY
RARELY RISES ABOVE
A WHISPER)

TIMMIN: Head of Minerals sent out a limiting order last month, sir.

MORGUS: Too little, too late. Tell him to fly up to our Northcawl Mine immediately. I want a feasability study on the possibility of closure.

TIMMIN: Yes, sir.

MORGUS: That is all, krau.

TIMMIN: There has been a message from General Chellak, sir.

MORGUS: Yes?

TIMMIN: The General wishes to inform you that his men have captured two gun-runners and intercepted an arms delivery to the android rebels.

MORGUS: They've taken two runners alive? Get me Chellak on vision.

TIMMIN: Yes, sir.

(SHE EXITS.

MORGUS RUBS AN EYE WHICH HAS STARTED TO TWITCH)

MORGUS: The spineless cretins!

6. INT. GALLERY. DAY.

(THE SOLDIERS SLING
THEIR WEAPONS AND
START DISMANTLING
THE STACK OF CRATES.

STOTZ WATCHES
FROM ROCKY VANTAGE.

THE SOLDIERS
START CARRYING
THE CRATES FROM
THE GALLERY.

STOTZ SLIDES
QUIETLY BACK TO
JOIN THE OTHER
GUN-RUNNERS
BEHIND THE ROCKS)

STOTZ: They're moving the stuff out. If we double round we can get ahead of 'em.

KRELPER: How many?

STOTZ: Ten, maybe a dozen.

(HE STABS AT
A CHART WITH
A GRIMY FINGER)

Here's their base. We'll take 'em here, in these narrows.

KRELPER: Some crawling to get down there.

STOTZ: So we crawl. You're getting paid enough, Krelper.

KRELPER: All I said -

STOTZ: Yeah, well save your breath. Come on, let's go fumigate some squaddies.

7. INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

(THE GENERAL
LOOKING AT HIS
MAP)

CHELLAK: The survey team were chartin Blue Level, weren't they? Did anyone see anything?

SALATEEN: No, sir. They heard Trooper Boze cry out and ran back but ... (SHRUGS) ... It was like the others. The thing hadn't left much of him.

CHELLAK: That's five men now. Always on Blue Level. If we had the time and the manpower I'd send a squad down there to find it and destroy it.

SALATEEN: It couldn't be done without oxygen equipment, General. The theory is that it lives in the Deeps, perhaps in the magma itself. Presumably it comes up to Blue Level when it's hunting for food.

CHELLAK: Five men in six months. Operationally that's negligible. All the same when we've dealt with Sharaz Jek, I think we'll have a hunting party before we return to Major. Eh, Salateen?

SALATEEN: Nice trophy for the mess, sir.

(A SOLDIER ENTERS
AND SALUTES.

A SECOND SOLDIER
PUSHES THE DOCTOR
AND PERI THROUGH
THE OPEN DOOR)

CHELLAK: Stand here.

(SALATEEN LOOKS
AT THE PRISONERS.

HIS EYES LINGER
CURIOUSLY ON
THE DOCTOR.

HE POINTS TO A SPOT
IN FRONT OF HIS
TABLE.

THE TWO GUARDS
TAKE POSITIONS
IN B.G.)

THE DOCTOR: Don't we get a chair? It's been a rather strenuous day.

CHELLAK: You will stand there until I've finished with you. And when you address me you will call me "sir".

THE DOCTOR: May I ask who you are ... "sir".

CHELLAK: I am General Chellak, commander of all Federal Forces on this planet.

THE DOCTOR: Well done, sir. Did you start in the ranks?

(CHELLAK GIVES HIM
A BEADY STARE)

CHELLAK: Under the Emergency Regulations anyone caught supplying arms to the android rebels faces summary execution.

PERI: We weren't supplying arms! We were - well, we just found them.

THE DOCTOR: Sir.

CHELLAK: If you co-operate I am prepared to extend clemency. If you do not co-operate you will be shot. Is that clear?

THE DOCTOR: You couldn't put it more plainly. But ... exactly how do we co-operate?

PERI: Sir.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(CHELLAK SCOWLS AT THE DOCTOR AND PERI)

CHELLAK: Do not provoke me.

(THE MENACE IN CHELLAK'S VOICE CONVINCES THE DOCTOR THE JOKE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH)

THE DOCTOR: Sorry.

CHELLAK: I want to know your names and the names of your confederates. I want full details of all armaments deliveries, where and how they are brought in, (cont...)

CHELLAK: (cont) who supplies them back on Major, and what your communication arrangements are with Sharaz Jek.

THE DOCTOR: I see. Well, I'm generally called the Doctor and my young friend here is known as Peri, that is, Perpeguillian Brown.

(CHELLAK JOTS A NOTE)

CHELLAK: Go on.

THE DOCTOR: (PAUSE) ... We're going to be shot.

CHELLAK: Doctor, as a soldier I find torturing prisoners - even such scum as you - a distasteful procedure. But I can suffer it if necessary. So you'll either answer my questions now or you will answer them later in less pleasant circumstances.

THE DOCTOR: You know, if we could just sit down and talk about this little misunderstanding in a civilised manner? As I was saying earlier, my friend has been complaining of pains in her legs and you can see for yourself she's suffering from some form of -

CHELLAK: Silence!

THE DOCTOR: Urticaria. (cont...)

(HE SWAYS AND CLUTCHES AT THE TABLE FOR SUPPORT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Come to that, I'm not feeling too well, either.

(A BELL DONGS.

A TANNOY VOICE ECHOES THROUGH THE ROOM)

VOICE: Signals, sir. Trau Morgus is on vid. He wants to speak to you immediately, general.

(CHELLAK GIVES AN IRRITATED GRIMACE BUT GETS TO HIS FEET AT ONCE)

CHELLAK: I'll come across.

(HE LEAVES WITHOUT A GLANCE FOR THE DOCTOR AND PERI)

PERI: I don't think he likes us.

9. INT. CONGLOMERATE HQ. DAY.

(MORGUS IS WITH A THIN STRANGER.

HE PRESSES A SWITCH AND A SCREEN ROLLS ASIDE TO REVEAL A DOOR)

MORGUS: Take my private lift. And make sure you're not seen on the way out.

(THE THIN MAN NODS AND GETS INTO THE LIFT.

AS THE DOOR CLOSES ON HIM:)

Remember I want the operation at Northcawl completed by the morning.

(HE LETS THE SCREEN ROLL BACK INTO POSITION.

CHELLAK'S FEATURES COALESCE ON THE VIDEO)

CHELLAK: Trau Morgus.

MORGUS: The gun-runners - what information have you obtained?

CHELLAK: Nothing, as yet. Only their names, sir.

MORGUS: What are their names?

CHELLAK: One calls himself the Doctor and the girl's name is Peri.

(MORGUS BRIEFLY SHOWS A SLIGHT PERPLEXITY)

MORGUS: A girl? ... Bring them to the screen.

(THE GENERAL SIGNS TO SOMEONE OFF CAMERA)

CHELLAK: I'd only just begun the interrogation. I hope to get enough out of these two to be able to round up the rest of the gang.

MORGUS: I hope so, too, General. Your operation so far has been a pathetic failure.

CHELLAK: (FLUSHES) With respect, I don't believe you fully understand the difficulty of the conditions here.

MORGUS: What I understand is that you are supposed to be trained soldiers and yet one renegade with a handful of mindless androids has been dancing rings round you for six months.

10. INT. WORKSHOP. DAY.

(A COMPLEX OF EQUIPMENT.

TWO SHOT-UP ANDROIDS STAND IN A CORNER AWAITING REPAIR. A STOCK OF LIMBS AND OTHER SPARE PARTS.

SHARAZ JEK IS WATCHING THE WRANGLE BETWEEN MORGUS AND CHELLAK ON HIS SCREEN.

IT APPEARS TO BE GIVING HIM PLEASURE BUT IT IS DIFFICULT TO BE SURE BECAUSE HIS HEAD IS COVERED BY A STIFF LEATHER HOOD WITH EYE AND MOUTH SLITS)

CHELLAK: I might remind you that we captured the spectrox refinery in our first assault.

MORGUS: And allowed Sharaz Jek to spirit away the entire stockpile from under your noses. Many tons of the most valuable substance in the universe and we have not seen an ounce of it, not a gramme. I warn you, General Chellak, people here are not in a mood to suffer your blundering for much longer.

CHELLAK: (BURSTING) Then I suggest you complain to the Praesidium! (cont ...)

CHELLAK: (cont) I will not accept criticism from a civilian, no matter how rich and powerful he is! The two captives are here.

(HE STALKS FROM SHOT.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI ARE USHERED INTO FRAME.

SHARAZ JEK MAKES A SMALL NOISE, PERHAPS OF SURPRISE, AND LEANS FORWARD INTENTLY)

THE DOCTOR: Tempers getting a little frayed, are they?

11. INT. CONGLOMERATE HQ. DAY.

MORGUS: (ALMOST A SMILE) Obviously you are the one who calls himself the Doctor. I am Morgus, Chief Director of the Sirius Conglomerate -

THE DOCTOR: And we have to address you as 'sir'?

MORGUS: Better if you do not address me at all. I merely wished to inspect you - to see the kind of creatures capable of betraying the golden vision of our glorious pioneers. But already I feel contaminated. Remove them!

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI ARE HUSTLED FROM SHOT.

CHELLAK REAPPEARS)

General, you have done well. I apologise if my earlier remarks seemed intemperate but that is because of the frustration I suffer sitting here when I yearn to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with you. All other right-thinking citizens feel the same. And so, to boost morale, I shall arrange for the execution.

CHELLAK: But I've already told them their lives will be spared if they collaborate.

MORGUS: No collaboration, General. No deals with traitors. The public won't stand for it.

CHELLAK: If they're shot out of hand we lose the chance of valuable information -

MORGUS: That is true but it is not of prime importance. These people are the lowest type of human being. One only had to look at them to realise the extent of their depravity. Get them out of the way, Chellak, and we shall all feel better.

(HE CUTS THE VIDEO)

12. INT. THE NARROWS. DAY.

(STOTZ AND HIS GANG ARE IN POSITION IN THE ROCKS ABOVE THE PASSAGE)

KRELPER: Here they come!

(THE SOLDIERS ARE ENTERING THE NARROWS, LUGGING THE CUMBERSOME CRATES BETWEEN THEM.

STOTZ AND HIS MEN PULL ON GAS MASKS.

THEY WATCH THE SOLDIERS, TRIGGER FINGERS ITCHING)

STOTZ: Now!

(THE GUN-RUNNERS FIRE A VOLLEY OF GAS SHELLS DOWN AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

THEY EXPLODE WITH A SOFT PLOP AND GREASY YELLOW FUMES SWIRL ACRIDLY ALONG THE FLOOR OF THE PASSAGE.

DIMLY SOLDIERS CAN BE SEEN CLUTCHING AT THEIR THROATS AND FALLING.

KRELPER TAPS STOTZ ON THE ARM AND RAISES A TRIUMPHANT THUMB)

13. INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

CHELLAK: You heard Morgus. He wants you executed.

PERI: That's barbaric!

THE DOCTOR: You take orders from a civilian? Weren't you telling us that you command the Federal Forces here?

CHELLAK: I could appeal the order but it would be pointless. Morgus has the Praesidium in his pocket.

THE DOCTOR: We're quite innocent, you know. It's all a mistake.

CHELLAK: I think I am beginning to believe you, Doctor. But in time of war the innocent die, too.

PERI: Is that all you can say? We're going to be killed and -

(SALATEEN ENTERS FAST. NO SALUTE THIS TIME)

SALATEEN: Message from Captain Rones, sir. His patrol is under gas attack!

CHELLAK: Where?

SALATEEN: They were ambushed in the Narrows.

CHELLAK: That's barely six hundred metres from here. Muster H.Q. Platoon.

(HE GRABS A WEAPON FROM THE WALL)

SALATEEN: They're falling in now, sir.

CHELLAK: I'll take 'em out. These two, detention cells. And get them ready for execution.

(HE EXITS.

SALATEEN LOOKS AT THE CAPTIVES. HIS EYES LINGER ON THE DOCTOR A SHADE CURIOUSLY)

SALATEEN: You have heard of death under the red cloth?

THE DOCTOR: Afraid not.

SALATEEN: It is a military procedure. After death your bodies are taken to the Field Cremation Unit. Your ashes are wrapped in the red cloth of execution and will be disposed of according to your direction.

THE DOCTOR: It doesn't sound any more enticing than any other form of death.

SALATEEN: (TO GUARDS) Place these two in detention.

(THE GUARDS MOVE IN ON THE DOCTOR AND PERI)

14. INT. CONGLOMERATE HQ DAY.

(MORGUS WITH TIMMIN)

MORGUS: (PONDERS) I think I have made the right decision ... I only wish the execution could be public.

TIMMIN: That isn't possible, sir.

MORGUS: I know. But think of the prestige it would bring to the Conglomerate.

(ON TIMMIN: SHE ISN'T SO CERTAIN)

To witness the punishment of wrongdoers is excellent moral reinforcement. Don't you agree?

TIMMIN: Oh, yes, sir.

MORGUS: Now what else is there?

TIMMIN: The President is coming to see you at five, Trau Morgus.

MORGUS: Ah, yes. Take ten centilitres of spectrox from my private stock. Even His Excellency cannot expect more than ten centilitres in these difficult times ...

15. INT. THE NARROWS. DAY.

(THE GAS HAS CLEARED.

STOTZ AND HIS RUNNERS, STILL MASKED, ARE MOVING AMONG THE BODIES IN THE FUME-RIDDEN CHASM.

THEY ARE BREAKING OPEN THE CRATES AND TIPPING THE CONTENTS OVER THE EDGE OF SOME BOTTOMLESS ABYSS.

AS THEY DRAG THE LAST CRATE FORWARD THEIR AUTO-GUARD AGAIN GLOWS ITS WARNING)

STOTZ: Hurry!

(TWO DOZEN GAS CARBINES TUMBLE INTO THE DEPTHS.

THEY GRAB THEIR WEAPONS AND RETREAT HASTILY UNTIL THEY ARE LOST ROUND A BEND IN THE ROCKS.

AS THEY DO, GENERAL CHELLAK COMES INTO THE NARROWS.

HE CHECKS A GAUGE ON HIS SLEEVE THEN SLOWLY REMOVES HIS HELMET.

GENERAL CHELLAK
LOOKS ROUND AT THE
SPRAWLED BODIES OF
HIS TROOPS, MOVING
SLOWLY FROM ONE
TO ANOTHER)

CHELLAK: (BITTER) Every last man! They killed the whole patrol ...

(HE TURNS TO THE
NEAREST TROOPER)

Check that the area is free of gas. Then get the stretcher-parties down here.

16. INT. DETENTION CELL. DAY.

(A BARE CUBICLE
WITH A STEEL DOOR
AND AN IRON GRILLE
IN THE WALL)

THE DOCTOR: There was something very funny about that major.

PERI: He didn't make me laugh.

THE DOCTOR: And Chellak said they're fighting android rebels ...

PERI: Who cares who they're fighting? We seem to be the fall guys.

THE DOCTOR: Do try to speak English, Peri.

PERI: Doctor, we've got about an hour to live! That Morgus wants us dead.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's another odd thing. He had us paraded in front of him and once he'd seen us, he seemed to lose all interest. I found that rather insulting.

PERI: I can take an insult. I don't want to be shot. Doctor, what are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR: I've really no idea. I'm sorry I got you into this, Peri.

PERI: It wasn't your fault. I mean it was as much mine as yours.

THE DOCTOR: We shouldn't have followed those tracks. Curiosity's always been my downfall ... How's your rash, by the way?

(PERI LOOKS AT HER LEGS)

PERI: I seem to be coming out in blisters now.

(THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING AT HIS HANDS)

THE DOCTOR: Me, too. Obviously that fungus had some very toxic properties.

PERI: Well, I don't suppose we'll die of it inside the next hour.

(THE DOCTOR PEERS OUT OF THE GRILLE.

HIS P.O.V.:)

17. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(LOOKING FROM THE
DETENTION CELL
ACROSS THE CAVE,
THE DOCTOR SEES A
GROUP OF SOLDIERS
ERECTING TWO
EXECUTION POSTS)

18. INT. DETENTION CELL. DAY.

(C.U. OF THE DOCTOR
THROUGH THE GRILLE)

PERI: (V.O.) Anything interesting?

THE DOCTOR: No. It's like a graveyard.

19. INT. WORKSHOP. DAY.

(ON THE SCREEN ABOVE HIS WORK-BENCH, SHARAZ JEK IS PLAYING AND REPLAYING THE VIDEO SEGMENT FEATURING THE DOCTOR, PERI AND MORGUS.

NO SOUND.

HE STUDIES IT INTENTLY BETWEEN FEEDING GRAPH LINES ON FILM INTO A SCANNER.

HE UNPLUGS THE SCANNER AND CONNECTS ITS BASE INTO A SLOT ON A LONG, COFFIN-SHAPED MACHINE. HE SWITCHES THE MACHINE ON AND IT HUMS POWERFULLY.

JEK LEAVES HIS BENCH AND CHECKS THE DIALS ON SOME VATS WHERE GOO IS BUBBLING.

BACK TO THE BENCH WHERE HE SNAPS ON A SPEAKER)

JEK: Base Defence Group. Numbers Four and Nine report to me.

(HE SWITCHES OFF THE LOOP OF TAPE SHOWING THE DOCTOR.

HE PRESSES ANOTHER SWITCH ON HIS CONSOLE)

20. INT. HQ CAVE. DAY.

(PART OF A BOULDER MOVES AT THE BACK OF THE CAVE. IT IS A PLASTIC FLAP SLIDING SLOWLY OPEN. FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE BOULDER A LENS NUDGES OUT TO SURVEY THE HUTMENT.

CHELLAK'S TROOPS ARE RETURNING, BEARING BODIES ON STRETCHERS)

21. INT. WORKSHOP. DAY.

(SHARAZ JEK STUDIES
THE GRAINY
MONOCHROME PICTURE
OF THE STRETCHER
PARTIES.

A SMALL, HOARSE
CHUCKLE)

JEK: Stotz must have had
a good day ...

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Sand Dunes. Day.

STOTZ and GANG are eating from mess cans.

KRELPER spits something out.

KRELPER: Lousy lizard meat!

STOTZ: We'll make up for it back on Major. We'll have the best.

KRELPER: If Sharaz Jek pays.

STOTZ: Five kilos of spectrox. That's the agreement. Four kilos for the boss and one for our share.

KRELPER: Why should he pay? His guns are half a mile down in that stinking magma.

STOTZ: We delivered, Krelper. He didn't collect. So he pays. I can't help it we had to ditch the guns.

KRELPER: Suppose he don't see it that way?

STOTZ wipes out his mess tin with a hunk of something awful.

STOTZ: He's got to or we cut him off. No more guns. No more ammo. How long'd he last, huh?

KRELPER: So he'll just pull back deeper into the system. He knows it better'n anyone.

STOTZ: Nope, he won't do that. Tell you why. The fool still thinks he can beat the army.

KRELPER: Maybe he can. Those dummies of his are awful hard to stop.

STOTZ: No way he's going to win. But it could be a real nice long war. And every month the price of spectrox on Major goes up another fifty times. People are desperate for the stuff. We can come out of this with enough money to buy anything we want.

KRELPER: Got it all worked out, haven't you, Stotz?

STOTZ: That's right. I got it all worked out. And it looks real good.

22. INT. CONGLOMERATE HQ. DAY.

(C.S. OF A PHIAL OF POWDER CHANGING HANDS)

PRESIDENT: Morgus, I can't thank you enough.

MORGUS: My pleasure, Trau President. How much do you take?

PRESIDENT: My apothecary recommends six grains a day. I've been without for three weeks and had begun to feel my age.

MORGUS: It is a wonderful restorative.

PRESIDENT: The greatest boon ever bestowed on humanity, offering us at least twice the normal life span. (GLANCING INTO A MIRROR) Would you think that I was eighty-four?

MORGUS: Fifty at the most.

PRESIDENT: Quite. That is why this war must be brought to a conclusion soon, Morgus. One way or another.

MORGUS: There is only one honourable way, sir. Sharaz Jek must be crushed.

PRESDIENT: Well, of course. But our forces are making such poor progress and meanwhile people here are clamouring for supplies of spectrox to be resumed. It's understandable.

MORGUS: It is the razor Jek is holding to our throats. We cannot accede to criminal blackmail.

PRESIDENT: My dear Morgus, I agree entirely. But we are forced to see the matter from different viewpoints.

MORGUS: Patriotism is the only viewpoint.

PRESIDENT: A businessman's patriotism may differ from a politician's. I am forced to take account of the mood of the people. And it is becoming ugly. Whereas you need only to take account of a balance sheet - which since the market value of spectrox has risen so astronomically, must look much healthier now than at the start of this conflict.

MORGUS: My conglomerate is contributing heavily towards the cost of the operations on Androzani Minor.

PRESIDENT: Yes, and the Praesidium is dully grateful. But as your conglomerate owns that planet it is, perhaps, no more than might be expected.

MORGUS: Trau President, do I understand that the Praesidium is considering ending the war - offering Sharaz Jek an armistice?

PRESIDENT: Not immediately. But if the military stalemate continues ... (WITH A SHRUG) The public want their spectrox, Morgus.

(TIMMIN COMES IN)

MORGUS: Yes, what is it?

TIMMIN: The executions, sir.

23. INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

(SALATEEN OPENS A CASKET BORNE BY A SOLDIER.

HE TAKES THE RED GARMENTS OUT AND LAYS THEM FORMALLY AND CAREFULLY ON AN ORNATE SILVER TRAY.

HE PICKS UP THE TRAY AND MARCHES IN CEREMONIAL STYLE FROM THE ROOM)

24. INT. DETENTION CELL. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: Morgus said spectrox was the most valuable substance in the universe. What can it be?

PERI: I thought you knew everything.

THE DOCTOR: Not quite. It's going to worry me until I find out what it is.

(PERI STARES THROUGH THE GRILLE)

PERI: I don't think you need worry for very long, Doctor. They seem to be about ready for us.

(THE DOCTOR JOINS PERI AT THE GRILLE.

BEHIND THEM, A PANEL IN THE WALL SLOWLY JERKS OPEN)

25. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(THEIR POV:

THE FIRING SQUAD ORDERING ARMS IN FRONT OF THE EXECUTION POSTS.

CHELLAK WATCHES THEM. HE IS WEARING A SWORD AT HIS WAIST)

26. INT. DETENTION CELL. DAY.

(FOOTSTEPS IN THE PASSAGE OUTSIDE.

SALATEEN ENTERS. BEHIND HIM IS A GUARD, CARRYING THE RED CLOTHS)

SALATEEN: Are you ready?

(PERI AND THE DOCTOR NOD.

THEY ARE STRANGELY QUIET GIVEN THE GRAVITY OF THEIR SITUATION.

THEY FOLLOW SALATEEN OUT OF THE CELL)

27. INT. WORKSHOP. DAY.

(SHARAZ JEK WATCHES THE DOCTOR AND PERI AS THEY CROSS TO THE EXECUTION POSTS IN THE CAVE.

SALATEEN TAKES ONE OF THE RED CLOTHES AND DRAPES IT OVER THE DOCTOR.

SHARAZ JEK SWITCHES OFF THE MONITOR AND LETS OUT A STRANGE, ALMOST GLEEFUL NOISE)

28. INT. CONGLOMERATE HQ. DAY.

(ON THE SCREEN,
SALATEEN DRAPES
THE RED CLOTH
OVER PERI)

PRESIDENT: (SNORTS) The red cloth! It's disgraceful.

MORGUS: It's a military execution.

PRESIDENT: In my day we'd have shot filthy little swine like that in the back. The red cloth was for soldiers.

29. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(THE PRISONERS ARE TIED TO THE POSTS.

CHELLAK STEPS FORWARD)

CHELLAK: Do you have any last declaration?

THE DOCTOR: Nothing special. We are innocent. We have had no trial. We have been given no opportunity to defend ourselves. In short, this is a mockery of justice.

(HE SPEAKS TIREDLY, WITHOUT HEAT, AS THOUGH ALREADY RESIGNED TO DEATH)

CHELLAK: Do you have any last declaration?

PERI: Just get on with it.

CHELLAK: Firing squad! Firing p'shun!

(THE SOLDIERS SNAP INTO POSITION, GUNS LEVELLED FROM THE SHOULDER)

Aim!

(HE RAISES HIS SWORD)

Fire!

(CHELLAK SWINGS THE SWORD DOWN.

A VOLLEY OF RIFLE-FIRE RINGS OUT.

THE BODIES OF THE DOCTOR AND PERI ARE KICKED AND TORN BY THE BULLETS.

THEY SLUMP DOWN THE POSTS, HELD LOOSELY BY THEIR BONDS)

SUPOSE CAM Closing Titles:

FADE OUT